

I Want Only You

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I Want Only You

by [DancingSkys](#)

Summary

Was Yoongi thinking about very naughty things while he was on the subway? Yup.

Were the elderly ladies close by suspicious of him and his thoughts? He surely hoped not because that would be awkward as hell.

He just wanted to get home and have a bit of fun before Namjoon came back from work, after that the real fun would start.

Or: Yoongi is horny, Namjoon has bad timing and they fuck... everywhere.

Notes

This was SUPPOSED to be the response to a Vanilla-Sex request but... I don't know if it actually is... I am unable to write fluffy smut... I can write smut and then fluff but not at the same time xD

For now I'll view that particular request as done but I'm sure I'll attempt to write a sweeter chapter in the future :)

Also; Nams and Yoongi are not Dom and sub in this. Whenever Sir and Baby aren't used they are not Dom and sub, that's an easy way to tell just so you don't get confused (also there are no Dom/sub tags)~

Sorry for updating less frequent. As promised I'm working on the Jin chapter next. I hope I'll be able to write some more chapters for this during my Christmas Holiday but I also started a new story so we'll see

[DancingSkys](#) if you want to talk about something, have a question or want to squeal with me over anything~

Okay, there was no denying it.

Yoongi was fucking horny and nothing was able to get his mind off of all these lewd thoughts going through his brain.

What was a thinking about?

Oh, just the usual stuff. Namjoon's big hands, Namjoon's sexy voice, Namjoon's heavenly touches, Namjoon's skilled hips, Namjoon's strong thighs, Namjoon's sinful tongue, Namjoon's giant dick and how it always filled him up so, so deliciously.

Yoongi bit his lip so he wouldn't accidentally moan on the subway, trying to best to suppress the shudder that wanted to crawl up his spine. He really didn't want to freak out the two old ladies next to him that looked like they were on their way to meet their friends. He really wanted to keep all nasty thoughts to himself and not give anyone who was watching him the pleasure of knowing what exactly was going through his head.

The subway slowed down to a stop, Yoongi getting off - not like that - and walking the remaining way to Namjoon's apartment like a somewhat civilized human being. Maybe he had staggered a little bit, maybe he had not said hello to the janitor this time but he really just wanted to be alone - with Namjoon - and maybe try to get his mind to calm down a little.

He knew Namjoon wouldn't be home for another hour which made it quite difficult to relax. When flopping down on the couch, sprawled out like a starfish, did not quite help him he slowly straightened up and looked around as if to make sure he really was alone before making his way to the lawyer's bedroom. He didn't even know why he was so secretive, he could do whatever the hell he wanted to do, there were no rules that could be applied outside of a scenario and Namjoon had told him countless times the rules were only for their actual playtime so there was no need to feel like he was doing something naughty.

Maybe it was because the student had all these thoughts flying through his mind that he felt kinda naughty, like he was doing something forbidden although he didn't. It made him feel kinda giddy

and he liked that feeling, grinning as he pushed open the door to the big closet all the way to reveal the equipment Namjoon had stored away. Many pieces he had already owned before Yoongi and him had gotten together, he had quite some years of experience under his belt already after all, but some things had been added like the bundles of soft red and black rope, three tail plugs, some dildos and of course Yoongi's collars.

He smiled as he traced the soft leather gently, flicking the bell at the front. He loved them, he really did, but he didn't feel like wearing them and those were more for when he was the elder's sub so he averted his eyes onto the other stuff.

The crops, flogs and paddles were all aligned neatly, next to them the wrist and ankle cuffs. Yoongi shuddered as he thought about how good it felt to be cuffed to the headboard, a hard paddle striking his poor butt and making him scream in ecstasy. But sadly he couldn't paddle himself and this was not really what he needed right now.

He pulled out a cupboard and licked his lips, shifting slightly as he saw all the plugs, cockrings, vibrators and dildos, biting into his wrist to keep himself from moaning out loud.

What to choose? What to choose? There were so many options. Should he plug himself up and just go about his day, waiting for Namjoon to figure out what was going on? Or maybe he should tease himself with a vibrator until he came? Or... or should he just choose a really big dildo, stuff himself full and wait for Namjoon to come home, rile him up and make him fuck him into the mattress real good?

He almost jumped in excitement, opening another cupboard to get a bottle of lube, throwing it onto the bed behind him, followed by a ribbed and pretty thick, black dildo.

It was difficult to take off his clothes because he was so hectic but he managed somehow, leaving on his white shirt that would cover him like a minidress when he stood. The student jumped onto the bed, humming in a content manner as he felt the sheets on his skin, rolling around for some moments before his eyes fell onto the toy and he grinned again, eyes twinkling. He crawled forward so he could reach the bottle of lube, coaching his fingers and shuffling a bit so he was up on one elbow and his knees, reaching back eagerly and slowly inserting the first finger.

Of course he had fingered himself before, sometimes Namjoon made

him do it too, but it was still better when the elder did it. First because his fingers were thicker and longer and second because there was just something... unpredictable about it. Whenever he did this to himself there was no way to be surprised, he always knew what was going on and he couldn't really tease himself as much but for now it worked.

He sighed quietly as he introduced another one, resting his forehead on the mattress and bucking his hips gently, some squelching sounds reaching his ears because of the amount of lube he had used. He liked it messy and wet after all.

Yoongi knew better than to be impatient, he knew how important prep was so he did it thoroughly but at some point he just couldn't wait anymore, taking his fingers out and picking up the dildo shakily, breath laboured and heart hammering away in his chest. He coated the toy generously and rose up onto his knees, holding the dildo so it nudged his entrance.

He released a stuttering breath, rolling his hips and feeling the tip almost entering. He bit his lip and did this a few times before he really, really couldn't wait anymore. After taking some deep breaths and making sure the toy was upright, he inched down, pressing the tip inside and waiting some moments, steadying himself with one hand on the bed. He continued, feeling every rip that entered him and how it stretched him, pushing in deeper and deeper until he felt like it couldn't go any further in. He made his keels slide apart, swallowing the last bit and moaning loudly as it was all the way in, butt now seated on the sheets again.

He whimpered and moaned softly, trying to catch his breath somehow and keep himself upright by putting his hands in front of him, head hanging low and eyes fluttering.

Fuck this was exactly what he needed.

After a few moments of getting used to the toy inside of him he bucked his hips forward, moaning at the way it moved and the smallest flicker of pain it caused, just how he loved it. He did it again and again and again until he really wanted to hump something, whining as he didn't find anything suitable. He bunched up the sheets between his legs, straddling them and laying down, whining as the pressure made the toy push in the slightest bit further. He hugged the sheets close and buried his face into the soft material, rolling his hips carefully before he dared to be bolder, his mouth open for pants and

moan to fall from his lips freely, only muffled by the sheets.

The smell of home was all around him, making him feel the slightest bit woozy. He still had his own apartment but he liked Namjoon's a lot more and it simply felt more like home than his own did. His clothes were taking up quite some space in Namjoon's closet, several pairs of his shoes stood at the front door, he had some college supplies stored away in the shelves and his toiletries were also lined up in the bathroom together with a bunch of bath bombs and salts.

He sometimes found himself going home but instead of going to his own apartment he made his way to Namjoon's without actually meaning to.

Another whine escaped him, trying to hug the sheets even closer and arching his back to get more of the toy inside of him.

He was almost too lost in his pleasure to hear the lock beeping, signaling that someone was entering as his brain registered a moment later, his hips freezing immediately and his heart beating wildly in his chest. He could hear Namjoon setting down his bag and taking off his shoes and jacket, probably seeing Yoongi was already there because of his own jacket and shoes.

"Yoongi-boo~ I'm back," was heard a moment later and he pressed his thighs together, a tiny whimper escaping him because of the rush of domestic feelings and because of the current position he was in. He really wanted Namjoon to just take him right here, right now. He probably was still in his work clothes and Yoongi loved being a mess underneath him and having Namjoon in his professional-looking clothes right above him.

He slowly sat up, biting his lower lip as the toy moved inside of him. With some difficulties he finally managed to get onto his feet, legs shaky and a small breath escaping him as the dildo slipped out a tiny bit, knees knocking against each other. He tried catching his breath and straightened up slowly, pulling down his shirt so it'd cover him before carefully paddling out of the room and down the hallway, feeling the dildo shift and move inside of him.

"Honey, hey, I thought we could-" Namjoon stopped and blinked a few times in surprise, eyes settling on his lover's disheveled appearance and lack of clothing. "What happened to you?" he asked with a chuckle. "Did you just wake up?" His eyes wandered down lower and he raised a teasing eyebrow, probably seeing that it wasn't

just sleepiness his lover was currently dealing with.

The younger ignored him and just walked up to him, grabbing his tie and pulling his head down forcefully, connecting their mouths and pressing his crotch into the elder's thigh, moaning into his mouth. He only let go of the tie once his lungs were screaming for air, panting against the lawyer's neck and still rolling his hips into his thigh.

"Oh wow," the older chuckled in an amused manner and kissed the spot behind Yoongi's right ear. "That bad?" he asked and Yoongi grabbed his wrist, guiding his hand back to his butt and underneath his shirt until he could feel the toy lodged deep inside of him.

"*That* bad," he rasped into his ear and Namjoon was stunned into silence for a moment, almost choking on his saliva before his soul came back into his body and he pressed against the toy, pushing it further into Yoongi who moaned loudly and bucked his hips, holding onto the elder's shirt desperately as his legs shook.

"Hm, I see," Namjoon said thoughtfully, pushing and pulling the toy just barely. "We can't leave you like that now, can we?" he murmured into Yoongi's ear and the younger huffed out a breath. "No a-and you have three guesses what I would like to have inside of me instead," he purred, scratching his nails down the other's clothed back and trying to keep the pleased sounds in.

The lawyer had the nerve to actually think about the question. "Hmm... maybe a pretty tail plug?" he asked teasingly and Yoongi growled into his chest. "No, wrong."

The older hummed. "Then maybe... oh, I know, that cute blue vibrator."

Yoongi punched his chest. "No, wrong."

"Okay maybe you want-"

"Your fucking dick, now." Yoongi growled and tugged on the elder's belt, unbuckling it and working on his pants next, making the lawyer laugh.

"My, what got you all horny?" he asked teasingly, the younger already pushing at his pants.

"Dick now, questions later," he said, tugging the older over to the couch and making him sit down before straddling his lap. He wrapped

his arms around his neck and whispered into his ear softly. "Pull it out."

Namjoon shuddered slightly and grabbed the base of the black dildo, pulling it out slowly and pressing Yoongi against his chest as the younger moaned loudly at the drag, panting heavily. He whined as it left him completely, some excessive lube running down his thigh. He searched for Namjoon's dick blindly, pumping it a few times which made the older dig his fingers into his boyfriend's waist, aligning it with his entrance and sinking down onto it smoothly, clinging to the lawyer's shoulders as he got used to the stretch. It wasn't fully hard just yet but it would only take a few moments, the students would make sure of that.

"Fuck, pumpkin, you're so wet," Namjoon groaned and Yoongi whined impatiently, trying to find leverage so he could move, rolling his hips slowly and completely ignoring that the other's pants had only been pushed down a bit and might get a bit messy soon.

He rose up onto his knees and dropped down again, repeating the action and clenching around the older which made him grunt and thrust upwards as Yoongi came down, drawing a loud moan from the younger who almost toppled over, panting into his lover's chest.

"Feels so good," he whined. "M-more, please... J-Joonie, please, please," he whimpered, tugging on Namjoon's shirt who put a hand on the younger's back and got rid of his pants in a flash only to move them swiftly so Yoongi was lying on the couch with the older hovering above him, legs around his waist and lower back resting on the lawyer's thighs, howling in delight at the change of angel.

"Good like that?" Namjoon asked as he started moving again and Yoongi nodded his head frantically. "Fucking-Aaah... p-per-hngh-fect... Aah!"

"Good, c'mere." He bent down, forcing Yoongi to curl up a bit more, and connected their lips in a rough kiss, never stopping moving. The younger reached up to bury his hands in the elder's hair, tugging on the strands as he let him ravish his mouth, breathing heavily and throwing his head back after a while with a loud moan. Namjoon moved lower to mouth at the student's throat, nibbling on the skin and sucking some marks into the junction of his neck and shoulder before taking one of his nipples into his mouth, having pushed up his shirt.

Yoongi couldn't suppress the yelp that escaped him as the other bit down onto his sensitive bud, arching his back and biting his lip helplessly, fingers tugging on his lover's hair.

Once Namjoon started pinching the other one as well he reached his limit and climax with a whimper, having teased himself for too long before this. He arched his back and whined as the older continued to move, unable to catch his breath for a minute while the lawyer chased his own orgasm and came inside of the younger, burying his head into his shoulder and kissing the side of his neck while they tried to breath regularly and come down from their high.

"Now that was an intense coming home," Namjoon said after some minutes, chuckling softly and Yoongi snorted. "Yeah, you *came* pretty *hard*."

The lawyer sat up and looked at the younger with an unamused expression, the student grinning cheekily as if he was quite proud of himself for making such a good pun. The older breathed out a small laugh and shook his head. "You really are something." He ran a hand through the younger's hair who closed his eyes and enjoyed the petting. "Now tell me. What got you this needy? You already had a dildo up your ass and I know for a fact that you had classes until at least five so you had only about an hour to yourself tops. Tell me, hmm, what got you so worked up?" he asked, kissing along the younger's jaw and making him hum faintly.

"Dunno, just felt like it," he replied with a grin.

"Oh really?"

"Mhm. Just wanted to have some fun," he sing sang but it quickly turned into a choked moan and Namjoon bucked his hips forward. "T-thanks unf-fair," the younger stuttered, trying to stop the shudder going through his body.

"Well, I hope you had your fun because our food is now cold," the older said and Yoongi opened his eyes. "Food?"

"Yeah, I bought take out on my way back but a very needy someone attacked me before I could even close the door properly."

Yoongi blushed slightly and looked away. "Dunno who you mean."

Namjoon snorted and patted his side. "Yeah, me neither." He made an attempt to stand up, Yoongi feeling him pull out and quickly locking

his legs around his middle, keeping him right there. The older looked at him with an raised eyebrow. "Honey pie, I kinda need to get up and that won't work with my dick inside of you."

The blond shook his head. "No, food's cold anyway." He shifted slightly so he was closer to Namjoon. "Come on, again."

"What? Again? Pumpkin we just had sex or are you really that horny that you can't even wait like ten minutes and eat-" The sentenced ended in a loud groan as Yoongi tightened around his lover and bucked his hips. "Again," he repeated brattily and Namjoon grabbed his hips, pulling him closer and fully back onto his cock, drawing a choked moan out of the younger.

"You're gonna be *very* sore tomorrow," Namjoon growled into Yoongi's ear and the latter moaned happily at that.

After round two they ate something and the older finally took off his work clothes, hoping to save them at least a little bit. Yoongi hadn't bothered with changing, leaning against the counter and munching on his food while lube and cum was drying on the inside and back of his thighs, the only thing he was wearing being the white shirt that had taken quiet a beating during their little fooling around session.

Namjoon sighed as he saw this, telling Yoongi to at least wash up before the mess was all cakey on his skin. To that the younger just smirked. "Why go wash when I'll just get messy again anyway."

"Do you still not have enough?" the lawyer asked with a raised eyebrow, shaking his head with a soft, almost fond chuckle that didn't really suit the situation.

Yoongi just grinned and continued munching on his food.

Half an hour later the student was bent over the kitchen table with the lawyer trusting his hard length into him once again. The younger was moaning like a cat in heat, clawing at the wooden surface and trying to buck his hips back which didn't quite work because he was trapped between the edge of the table, that his hip bones were always slamming into and would surely leave some bruises, and the lawyer's body.

"So what were you doing with that poor dildo before?" Namjoon asked, his voice rough and a deep growl coming from within his chest

which made Yoongi whine and his legs shake. It wasn't like it would really make a difference whether he gave out or not. "Hnnng on... o-on the bed," he managed to stuttered, whimpering with the next harsh trust.

"What did you do on the bed, sweetheart?" Namjoon growled into his ear, pulling on his hair and it did things to Yoongi that he couldn't even begin to explain. "W-with... with the... s-sheets," he stammered, gasping and trying to hold onto the table, digging his nails into the hard surface. "What did you do with the sheets, hm? Did you hump them? Did you bunch them up between your legs and tried to fuck yourself?" the older drawled and Yoongi nodded his head, liking how a hot flush of embarrassment went through him at being caught.

"You are such a naughty little marshmallow, Yoongi," Namjoon growled and the student whimpered pitifully, nodding his head again, liking how the lawyer said his name with his raspy voice. "Do you do that often when I'm not here? Play with yourself on my bed or stick a dildo onto the wall in the shower?"

"Ssmnngh... s-sometimes," the younger whined.

"Doing naughty things behind my back," Namjoon scolded teasingly.

"Hnnng get bored whe- AAh y-you're n-n-not here," Yoongi said between moans and trusts.

"You get bored waiting for me to come home, sugar?" the lawyer asked almost sweetly, his thrusts becoming harsher as if he liked the thought of Yoongi waiting for him to come home from work.

"I miss you," Yoongi whined, and sobbed as the already harsh trusts grew even stronger, the table banging against the wall every time.

"Fuck, sweetie, I miss you too," Namjoon growled into his shoulder and the younger whined loudly, some drool dripping from his mouth and his eyes turned glassy. The older straightened up and grabbed his hips, readjusting the students so he could go as fast as possible. Yoongi had probably screamed a little and clawed at the table again but everything else was a blur in front of his eyes and he couldn't stop himself from cumming, barely noticing because a moment later Namjoon groaned loudly and slowed down, pumping his third load into the student who just sniffled and tried to catch his breath, not protesting as the lawyer laid down on top of him and intertwined their fingers, only their breathing filling the silence of the room for several minutes.

Yoongi's eyes were closed, his whole body still tingling and his mind was void of any thought. The table surely wasn't the most comfortable furniture but he didn't care. He'd sleep like this if he had to. Besides, Namjoon's warmth against his back and his hands holding his own made it all the better.

He wouldn't mind staying like this for a while longer.

"Honey?" Namjoon asked after a while, still not moving away from the younger who didn't even bother with opening his eyes, just hummed softly. "Hm?" His voice was still rough from three rounds of sex.

"Do you want to move in with me?"

It took Yoongi's fucked out brain a little to comprehend the question but once he did he actually blinked his eyes open tiredly and turned his head slightly so he could catch a glimpse of his boyfriend. "Really?" he asked almost carefully, his dry throat making him sound more insecure than he had intended to.

Namjoon smiled and nuzzled a little closer, kissing a spot just below his ear. "Mhm, really."

Yoongi couldn't stop himself from smiling wildly. "Yeah, I... I think I'd really like that."

He could almost hear the older smiling against his back, peppering his skin with soft kisses.

"But... did you really have to ask me after three rounds of sex with me bent over the kitchen table and your dick inside of me?" he huffed after a moment and Namjoon snickered.

"Well, I thought this was an intimate moment."

Yoongi rolled his eyes in respond. "Oh, it's very intimate, trust me. Great timing."

"I know," the older sang before he finally pulled out and Yoongi groaned. "Fuck," he grumbled. "I'm really gonna be sore tomorrow."

"You were the one who jumped me," Namjoon said in his defense, lapping up some of the fresh cum which made Yoongi whine and wiggle. "Yeah, but you were the one who fucked me in ha-alf nnggh."

“Which you like a lot if I may remind you of that fact,” the older said sneakily, leaving the cum to trail down his lover’s legs. “But because I’m a good boyfriend I’ll invite you into my shower.”

Yoongi was silent for a moment and just stared at the table, feeling the lawyer’s hands on his hips and his thumbs that rubbed small circles into the plump skin. “Our shower,” he then said eventually and Namjoon’s fingers stopped for a moment before they picked up again, a fond smile sneaking onto his face.

“Yeah, our shower.”

They may or may have not gone for a fourth round in the shower.

And Yoongi was indeed very sore the next morning.

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